

# LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

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## FAIRIES.

Continued.

It may be agreeable to follow up the growth of this good-humoured light in something like chronological order. The old romances began it. Oberon, the beautiful and beneficent, afterwards king of the fairies, made his appearance very early. He is the Elberich, or Rich Elf, of the Germans, and became Oberon, with a French termination, in the romance of "Huon de Bourdeaux." The general reader is well acquainted with him through the abridgment of the work by the Count de Tressan, and the Oberon of Wieland, translated by Mr Sotheby. He is a tiny creature, in the likeness of a beautiful child, with a face of exceeding loveliness; and wears a crown of jewels. His cap of invisibility, common to all the Fairies (which is the reason why they must not lose it) became famous as the Tarn-Kappe, or Daring Cap, otherwise called the Nebel or Mist-Cap, and the Tarn-hut, or Hat of Daring.\* In the poem of the German Voltaire, he possesses the horn, which sets everybody dancing. He and his brother dwarfs, of the northern mythology, are the undoubted ancestors of the fallen but illustrious family of the Tom Thumbs, who became sons of tailors and victims of cows. Of the same stock are the Tom Hickathrifts and Jack the Giant-Killer, if indeed they be not the gods themselves, merged into the Christian children of their former worshippers. Their horrible coats, caps of knowledge, swords of sharpness, and shoes of swiftness, are, as the Quarterly Reviewer observes, "all out of the great heathen treasury." Thumb looks like an Avatarkin, or little incarnation of Thor. Thor was the stoutest of the gods, but then the gods were little fellows in stature, compared with the giants. In a chapter of the Edda, from which the Reviewer has given an amusing extract, the giant Skrymner rallies Thor upon his pretensions and size, and calls him "the little man."† As the god nevertheless was more than a match for these lubbers of the skies, his worshippers might have respected the name in honour of him; a panegyric rallery not unknown to other mythologies, nor unpractised towards the "gods of the earth."‡ The West of England, it may be observed, is a great Fairy country, though even the miners and their natural darkness have not been able to obscure the sunnier notions of Fairy-land, now prevailing in that quarter as much as any. The De-

\* "Tarn, from *taren*, to dare (says Dobeneil), because they gave courage along with invisibility. Kappe is properly a cloak, though the tarn-kappe or nebel-kappe is generally represented as a cap or hat."—*Fairy Mythology*, vol. ii. p. 4. Perhaps the word *cape*, which may include something both of cap and cloak, might settle their apparent contradiction. Hood implies both; and the goblin is sometimes called Robin Hood, and Hoodekin.

† In the agreeable learning which the reviewer has brought to bear on this subject, in the *Antiquities of Nursery Literature*, he has deprived us of our old friend the giant Cornoran, who turns out to be a mistake of the printer's devil for Corinoran, "the Corineus, probably, of Jeffery of Monmouth and the Brut." However, a printer's devil has a right to speak to this point; and we cannot help thinking that Cornoran ought to be the word both on account of the devouring magnitude of the sound, and its suitability to the brazen trumpet of a Cornish mouth—

Here's the valiant Cornish man,  
Who slew the giant Cornoran.

Abraham Cann or Polkinghorn ought to speak it; or the descendants of the Danish hero Kolson, who have *ora rotunda* in that quarter.

‡ Little Will, the scourge of France,  
No godhead but the first of men."

says Prior, speaking of William the 3d., and rebuking, at the same time, Bolcau's dedications of Louis. So Frederick or Napoleon, or both, were called by their soldiers "the Little Corporal."

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vonshire Pixies or Pucksies, are the reigning elves, and are among the gayest and most good-humoured to be met with. Mr Coleridge, in his juvenile poems, has put some verses into their mouths, not among his best, but such as he may have been reasonably loth to part with. The sea air which he breathed at a distance, and "the Pixies' Parlour" (a groto of the roots of trees, in which he found his name carved by the hands of his childhood, were proper nurseries for the author of the Ancient Mariner.

Chaucer's notion of Fairies was a confused mixture of elves, and romance-ladies, and Ovid, and the Catholic *diablerie*. We had taken his fairies for the regular little dancers on the green (induced by a line of his to that effect in the following passage); but the author of the Fairy Mythology has led us to form a different opinion. The truth is, that a book in Chaucer's time was a book, and everything to be found in those rare authorities became a sort of equal religion in the eyes of the student. Chaucer, in one of his verses, has brought together three such names as never met, perhaps, before or since—"Samson, Turnus, and Socrates." He calls Ovid's Epistles "the Saint's Legends of Cupid." Seneca and St Paul are the same grave authorities in his eyes; in short, whatever was written was a scripture; something clerical, and what a monk ought to have written if he could. His Lady Abbess wears a broach exhibiting a motto out of Virgil. Elves, therefore, and Provençal Enchantresses, and the nymphs of the Metamorphoses, and the very devils of the Pope and St Anthony, were all fellows well met, all supernatural beings, living in the same remote regions of fancy, and exciting the gratitude of the poet. He is angry with the friars for making more solemn distinctions, and displacing the little elves in their walks; and he runs a capital jest upon them, which has become famous.

"In olde dayes of the kinge Artour,  
Of which that Britons speke gret honour,  
All was this land full filled of faerie;  
The Elf-queene, with her joly compaignie,  
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede.  
This was the old opinion as I rede,  
I speke of many hundred yeres ago;  
But now can no man see non elves mo,  
For now the grete charitee and prayeres  
Of limitoures and other holy freeres,  
That serchen every land and every streame,  
As thikke as motes in the sonne-beame,  
Blissing halles, chambres, kichenes, and boures,  
Citees and burghes, castles highe and toures,  
Thropes and bernes, shepenees and dairies,  
This maketh that ther ben no faeries;  
For ther as wont to walken was an elf,  
Ther walketh now the limitour himself,  
In undermeles and in morwenings,  
And sayth his matines and his holy thinges,  
As he goth in his limitation.  
Women may now go safely up and down;  
In every bush and under every tree,  
Ther is non other incubus but he."

In another poem, we meet with Pluto and Proserpine as the King and Queen of Faerie; where they sing and dance about a well, enjoying themselves in a garden, and quoting Solomon. The "ladies" that wait upon them are the damsels that accompanied Proserpine in the vale of Enna, when she was taken away by his Majesty in his "griely cart." This is a very different cart from a chariot made of the gristle of grasshoppers.

The national intellect, which had been maturing like an oak, from the time of Wickliffe, drawing up

nutriment from every ground, and silently making the weakest things contribute to its strength, burst forth at last into flowers and fruit together, in the noon-day of Shakspeare. A shower of fairy blossoms was the ornament of its might. Spenser's fairies are those of Romance, varied with the usual readings of his own fancy; but Shakspeare, the popular poet of the world, took the little elfin globe in his hand, as he had done the great one, and made it a thing of joy and prettiness for ever. Since then the fairies have become part of a poet's belief, and happy ideas of them have almost superseded what remains of a darker creed in the minds of the people. The profound playfulness of Shakspeare's wisdom, which humanized everything it touched, and made it know its own value, found out the soul of an activity, convertible into good, in the restlessness of mischief; and Puck, or the elf malicious, became jester in the Court of Oberon the Good Fairy,—his servant and his help. The "Elves" in the Tempest are rather the elemental spirits of the Rosicrucians, confounded both with classical and popular mythology. It is in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' that the true fairies are found, as they ought to be; and there amidst bowers and moonlight, will we indulge ourselves awhile with their company. We make no apology to the reader for our large quotations. They have been repeated many times and lately on the present subject; yet we should rather have to apologise for the omission, considering how excellent they are. To add what novelty we could, or rather to make our quotations as peculiar to our work as possible, we had made up our minds to bring together all the passages in question out of Shakspeare's drama, as far as they could be separated from other matter, and present them to our readers under the title of a Fairy Play: but we began to fear that the profane might have some colour of reason for complaining of us, and accusing us of an intention to swell our pages. We have, therefore, confined ourselves to selections which are put under distinct heads, so as to form a kind of gallery of Fairy pictures. We shall take the liberty of commenting as we go, even if our remarks are called forth on points not immediately belonging to the subject. It is not easy to read a great poet, and not indulge in exclamations of fondness. Besides there is something fairy-like in having one's way.

### EMPLOYMENT OF A DAMSEL OF THE FAIRY COURT.

Fairy. Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough briar  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander every where,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green:  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours:  
In those freckles live their favours;  
I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Flowers, in the proper fairy spirit, which plays betwixt sport and wisdom with the profoundest mysteries of nature, are here made alive, and turned into fantastic servants.

In Fairy-land whatever may be, is. We may gather from this and another passage in Cymbeline, that Shakspeare was fond of cowslips, and had observed their graces with delight. It is a delicate

fancy to suppose that those ruby spots contain the essence of the flower's odour, and were presents from their ruling sprite. And the hanging a pearl in every cowslip's ear (besides the beauty of the line) seems to pull the head of the tall postoner sideways, and make him quaintly conscious of his new favour.

#### POWER OF QUEEN TITANIA.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;  
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;  
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.

What beautiful lines are these? Observe in the next the goggle-eyed owl, who is nightly astonished at the Fairies, as if amazement were his business; and also the child-like warning to the snails and daddy long-legs, to keep aloof.

#### THE QUEEN IN HER BOWER.

*Tita.* Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;  
Then, for the third part of minute, hence;  
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;  
Some war with rear-mice for their leather wings,  
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back  
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wouders  
At our quaint spirits: sing me now asleep;  
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

#### SONG.

*1st Fairy.* You spotted snakes, with double tongue,  
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;  
News and blind-worms do no wrong;  
Come not near our fairy queen.

*Chorus.* Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;  
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh,  
So, good night, with lullaby.

*2d Fairy.* Weaving spiders come not here;  
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence;  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

*Chorus.* Philomel, with melody, &c.

*1st Fairy.* Hence, away; now all is well.  
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

#### TRICKS OF THE FAIRY KING ON HIS QUEEN.

Titania, by practice of Oberon, falls in love with a weaver, on whom Puck has clapped an ass's head. Enter Puck with him and some others. Imagine the weaver to be Liston.

*Quince.* O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly masters! help! (*Exeunt Clowns.*)

*Puck.* I'll follow you, I'll lead you about, around, Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,  
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire,  
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,  
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

*Bot.* Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

#### Re-enter Snout.

*Snout.* O Bottom, thou art changed! What do I see on thee?

#### Re-enter Quince.

*Quin.* Bless thee, Bottom! Bless thee! thou art translated.

*Bot.* I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me, to fright me if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

The ouzel-cock, so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill;  
The throstle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill.

*Tita.* What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

*Bot.* The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckoo gray,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer, nay;

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?—who would give a bird the lie, though he cry cuckoo never so?

*Tita.* I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:  
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note,  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;  
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,  
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

*Bot.* Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon the occasion.

*Tita.* Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

*Bot.* No so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

*Tita.* Out of this wood do not desire to go;  
Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate;  
The summer still doth tend upon my state,  
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;  
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;  
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.  
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

*1st Fairy.* Ready.

*2d Fairy.* And I.

*3rd Fairy.* And I.

*4th Fairy.* Where shall we go?

*Tita.* Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;  
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;  
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries;  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;  
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,  
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes.  
To have my love to bed, and to arise;  
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,  
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

*1st Fairy.* Hail mortal!

*2nd Fairy.* Hail!

*3rd Fairy.* Hail!

*4th Fairy.* Hail!

*Bot.* I cry your worship's mercy, heartily. I beseech your worship's name.

*Cob.* Cobweb.

*Bot.* I shall desire of you more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

*Peas.* Peas-blossom.

*Bot.* I pray you remember me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peasecod, your father. Good Master Peas-blossom, I shall desire of you more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

*Mus.* Mustard-seed.

*Bot.* Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like, ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire of you more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

*Tita.* Come wait upon him; lead him to my bower. The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye;  
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,  
Lamenting some enforced chastity.  
Tie up love's tongue, and bring him silently.

The luxurious reduplication of the rhyme in this exquisite passage has been noticed by Mr Hazlitt.

Again, in act the fourth:—

*Tita.* Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,  
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,  
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,  
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

*Bot.* Where's the Peas-blossom?

*Peas.* Ready.

*Bot.* Scratch my head, Peas-blossom. Where's Monsieur Cobweb?

*Cob.* Ready.

*Bot.* Monsieur Cobweb; good Monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red hipp'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and good Monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Monsieur; and good Monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflow with a honey-bag, Signor. Where's Monsieur Mustard-seed?

*Mus.* Ready.

*Bot.* Give me your neif, Monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good Monsieur.

*Mus.* What's your will?

*Bot.* Nothing, good Monsieur, but to help Cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's Monsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me I must scratch.

*Tita.* What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

*Bot.* I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

*Tita.* Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

*Bot.* Truly a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay; good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

I have a venturous fairy that shall seek the fairy king, the fairy queen, and fetch thee new nuts.

*Bot.* I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

*Tita.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

So doth the wood-bird the sweet honey-suckle

Gently entwine,—the female ivy so Enrings the barks fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

#### THE FAIRIES BLESS A HOUSE AT NIGHT-TIME.

##### Enter Puck.

Now the hungry lion roars,  
And the wolf howls the moon;  
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
All with weary task fordone.

Now the wasted brands do glow,  
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,  
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,  
In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,  
That the graves, all gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his sprite,  
In the church-yard paths to glide;

And we fairies that do run  
By the triple Hecat's team,  
From the presence of the sun,  
Following darkness like a dream,

Now are frolic; not a mouse  
Shall disturb this hallow'd house;  
I am sent, with broom, before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.

*Enter Oberon and Titania with their Train.*

*Oberon.* Through this house give glimmering light,  
By the dead and drowsy fire:  
Every elf, and fairy sprite,  
Hop as light as bird from brier;

And this ditty, after me,  
Sing and dance it trippingly.

*Tita.* First, rehearse this song by rote,  
To each word a warbling note,  
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,  
Will we sing, and bless this place.

#### SONG AND DANCE.

*Oberon.* Now, until the break of day,  
Through this house each fairy stray.  
To the best bride-bed will we,  
Which by us shall blessed be;

And the issue, there create,  
Ever shall be fortunate.  
So shall all the couples three  
Ever true in loving be;

And the blots of nature's hand  
Shall not in their issue stand:  
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,  
Nor mark prodigious, such as are  
Despised in nativity,  
Shall upon their children be.

With this field-dew consecrate,  
Every fairy take his gait!  
And each several chamber bless,  
Through this palace with sweet peace:  
E'er shall it in safety rest,  
And the owner of it be blest.

Trip away;  
Make no stay;  
Meet me all by break of day.

It is with difficulty that in these, and indeed in all our quotations, we refrain from marking particular passages. One longs to vent one's feelings, like positive grappling with the lines; and besides, we have the temptation of the reader's company to express our admiration. But we fear to do injustice to what we should leave unmarked; and indeed to be thought impatient with the others. Luckily where all is beautiful, the choice would often be difficult, if we stopped to make any; and if we did not, we should be printing nothing but Italics.

Queen Mab, as the author of the 'Fairy Mythology' remarks, has certainly dethroned Titania; but we cannot help thinking that both he, and the poets who have helped to dethrone her, are in the wrong; and that Voss is right, when he rejects the royalty of both monosyllables. Queen or Quean is old English for woman, and is still applied to females in an ill sense. Now Mab is the fairies' midwife, plebeian by office, indiscriminate in her visits, and descending so low as to make elf-locks, and plait the manes of horses. We have little doubt that she is styled queen in an equivocal sense, between a mimicry of state and something abusive; and that the word Mab comes from the same housewife origin as *Mop*, *Moppet*, and *Mob-cap*. The *a* was most likely pronounced broad; as in *Mall* for *Moll*, *Malkin* for *Maukin*; and *Queen Mab* is perhaps the Quean in the *Mob-cap*,—the midwife riding in her chariot, but still vulgar: and acting some such



part with regard to fairies and to people's fancies, as one of Sir Walter Scott's fanciful personages (we forget her name) does to flesh and blood in the novel.

The passages in Ben Jonson regarding Fairies want merit enough to be quoted; not that he had not a fine fancy, but that, in this instance, as in some others, he overlaid it with his book-reading, probably in despair of equalling Shakspeare. The passages quoted from him by the author of the 'Fairy Mythology,' rather out of respect than his usual good taste, are nothing better than so many common-places, in which the popular notions are set forth. There is, however, one striking exception, out of the 'Sad Shepherd':—

There, in the stocks of trees, white fays do dwell,  
And span-long elves, that dance about a pool  
With each a little changeling in their arms.

This is very grim, and to the purpose. The changeling supernaturally diminished adds to the ghastliness, as if born and completed before its time.

For our next quotation, which is very pleasant, we are indebted, amongst our numerous obligations, to the same fairy historian. There is probably a good deal of treasure of the same sort in the rich mass of Old English poetry; but the truth is, we dare not trust ourselves with the search. We have already a tendency to exceed the limits assigned us; and on subjects like these we should be tolled on from one search to another, as if Puck had taken the shape of a bee. The passage we speak of is in Randolph's pastoral of 'Amyntas, or the Impossible Dowry.' A young rogue of the name of Dorylas "makes a fool of a 'fantastique sheapherd,' Jocastus, by pretending to be Oberon, King of Fairy." In this character, having provided a proper retinue (whom we are to suppose to be boys) he proposes a fairy husband for Jocastus's daughter, and obliges him by plundering his orchard. We take the former of these incidents for granted, from the context, for we have not seen the original. Dorylas appears sometimes to act in his own character, and sometimes in that of Oberon. In the former, the following dialogue takes place between him and his wittol, descriptive of

#### A FAIRY'S JOINTURE.

*Thestylis.* But what estate shall he assure upon me?  
*Jocastus.* A royal jointure, all in Fairy land.

Dorylas knows it.

A curious park—

*Dorylas.* Paled round about with pickteeth.

*Joc.* Besides a house made all of mother of pearl.

An ivory tennis-court.

*Dor.* A nutmeg parlour.

*Joc.* A sapphire dairy-room.

*Dor.* A ginger hall.

*Joc.* Chambers of agate.

*Dor.* Kitchens all of crystal.

*Am.* O, admirable! This it is for certain.

*Joc.* The jacks are gold.

*Dor.* The spits are Spanish needles.

*Joc.* Then there be walks—

*Dor.* Of amber.

*Joc.* Curious orchards—

*Dor.* That bear as well in winter as in summer.

*Joc.* 'Bove all, the fish-ponds, every pond is full—

*Dor.* Of nectar. Will this please you? Every grove  
Stored with delightful birds.

Dorylas proceeds to help himself to the farmer's apples, his brother rogues assisting him. This license, it must be owned, is royal. But what is still pleasanter, we are here presented for the first time with some fairy Latin, and very good it is, quaint and pithy. The Neapolitan Robin Goodfellow, who goes about in the shape of a little monk, might have written it.

FAIRIES ROBBING AN ORCHARD, AND SINGING LATIN.

*Dor.* How like you now my grace? Is not my countenance

Royal and full of majesty? Walk not I  
Like the young prince of pigmies? Ha! my knaves,  
We'll fill our pockets. Look, look yonder, elves;  
Would not you apples tempt a better conscience  
Than any we have, to rob an orchard? Ha!  
Fairies, like nymphs with child, must have the things  
They long for. You sing here a fairy catch  
In that strange tongue I taught you, while ourself  
Do climb the trees. Thus princely Oberon  
Ascends his throne of state.

*Eltes.* Nos beata Fauni proles,  
Quibus ridet esse magna moles,  
Quamvis lunam incolamus,  
Hortos sæpe frequentamus.

*Furto rursus magis bella;  
Furto dulcior puella;  
Furto omnia decora,  
Furto poma dulciora.*

*Cum mortales lecto jacent,  
Nobis poma noctu placent;  
Illa tamen sunt ingrata,  
Nisi furto sint parata.*

We the Fairies blithe and antle,  
Of dimensions not gigantic,  
Though the moonshine mostly keep us,  
Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter;  
Stolen kisses much completer;  
Stolen looks are nice in chapels;  
Stolen, stolen be your apples.

When to bed the world are bobbing,  
Then's the time for orchard robbing;  
Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling,  
Were it not for stealing, stealing.

Jocastus's man Bromio prepares to thump these pretended elves, but the master is overwhelmed by the condescension of the princely Oberon in coming to his orchard, when

His Grace had orchards of his own more precious  
Than mortals can have any.

The elves therefore, by permission, pinched the officious servant, singing

Quoniam per te violamur,  
Unghes hic experiamur;  
Statin diceb tibi datam  
Cutem valde variatam.

Since by thee comes profanation,  
Taste thee, lo! scarification.  
Noisy booby! in a twinkling  
Thou hast got a pretting crinkling.

Finally, when the coast is clear, Oberon cries,

So we are clean got off: come, noble peers  
Of Fairy, come, attend our royal Grace.

Let's go and share our fruit with our Queen Mab  
And the other dairy-maids: where of this theme  
We will discourse amidst our capes and cream.

Cum tot poma habeamus,  
Triumphos lecti jam canamus:  
Faunos ego credam ortos,  
Tantum ut frequentem hortos.

I, domum, Oberon, ad illas,  
Que nos manent nunc ancillas,  
Quarum oselemur sinum,  
Inter poma, lac, et vinum.

Now for such a stock of apples,  
Laud me with the voice of chapels.  
Fays, methinks, were gotten solely  
To keep orchard-robbing holy.

Hence then, hence, and let's delight us  
With the maids whose creams invite us,  
Kissing them, like proper fairies,  
All amidst their fruits and dairies.

We must beg the reader's indulgence for one more paper on this subject.

**Caution to Dogmatic Deniers.** *Progress of Knowledge.*—Previous to the establishment of the rotundity of the earth, and during the centuries of discussion which took place upon this point, the existence of the antipodes was the theme of constant ridicule in the mouths of the opposers of the globular figure. The sentiments of Lactantius, *De Falsâ Sapientia*, cap. 23, may be taken as a fair specimen of the common objections. He asks, is there any one foolish enough to think that there are men whose feet are higher than their heads? with whom those things that we place upon the earth, hang downwards from the earth? who have trees and vegetables turned upside down? and rain and snow falling the wrong way? Will any one henceforward place the hanging gardens among the seven wonders of the world, when the philosophers make hanging seas, and fields, and mountains! The confusion that here takes place between the words upwards and downwards will be now universally apparent, but was not so in the time of Lactantius, who lived A.D. 311; who, had he simply confined himself to the assertion, that the existence of antipodes could not be demonstrated, and treated it as a philosophical speculation, possibly true, but probably false, would have been justified by the general state of knowledge then existing. But not so when he asserts that he can prove the thing to be impossible, and professes that he sees no alternative, but supposing its professors to be joking, or intentionally lying. The French Encyclopædia is incorrect in stating that he appeals to the sacred writers as deciding the point.—*Penny Cyclopædia.*

#### GALLANT AND AFFECTING CONFESSION OF MR GALT'S LITERARY AUTOBIO- GRAPHY. (Just Published.)

I HAVE thus endeavoured to give an account of my separate publications to the best of my recollection, and also something of the feeling which I entertain myself towards them; I do not say *abridged*, because I doubt if I could do so justly, and because some of them have been preferred by the public more than others, which I seriously think have been consigned to unmerited neglect.

Before considering the materials of this particular lucubration, I had no right notion of having attempted so much: I had kept no account of my essays, nor do I know even where many of my novels may be found; yet those who see with what rapt ardour I enter into a subject, can have no idea that, after the task is finished, I could ever become so indifferent to the result.

It is not, however, altogether owing to this indifference that I have been led apparently to undervalue the mere literary character. Many years ago,

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream"

of life, and I was moved to desire, rather than to make books from topics designed by others, to furnish a topic for myself. I cannot state when this happened, but the place and occasion are still vividly in remembrance. I was reading in the Lazaretto of Messina the life of Alfieri, and was prodigiously affected by the incidental observation, where he remarks that the test of greatness is the magnitude of a man's undertaking to benefit the world. The truth descended on me like inspiration. I rose agitated from my seat, and could think of nothing all the remainder of the day, but of corroborative circumstances. Since that time I have ever held literature to be a secondary pursuit—the means of recording what has been done; and thus, although a voluminous author, I cannot persuade myself how in that way I should have ever merited the distinction to which I aspired, or attained the glittering goal towards which my hopes struggled.

The sentiment of Alfieri did not, however, cause me to enter a new line of life; but it elevated my motives, and lent energy to the impulses by which I was actuated, for I had previously determined, as I have narrated, to be distinguished; it only made me observe, that distinction without benevolence was unworthy of a rational being's pursuit. The creation of books did not appear to me to fall within the scope of his sublime idea of greatness; and therefore I conceive that, although few authors have published, in so short a time, more various productions, I have not earned, estimated by his test, which I think the true one, any claim to a better reward than is due to indefatigable exertion. However, I am not the first in whom the desire of fame has been greater than the talent to acquire it. From my earliest recollection, both by meditation and action, I have been devoted to what I thought the accomplishment of useful purposes, and my chief recompense is the satisfaction, undoubtedly, of my own bosom. Yet my efforts, I think, have not been altogether ineffectual, and the consciousness if this emboldens me to say, that I must be much misunderstood by those who imagine that the pressure of disease, and the embraces of poverty, could darken the cheerfulness of mind in reflecting that I have not been ordained in vain. A pulsing sickly expression, no doubt, often escapes me, but I am in the habitual practice of uttering what I think, and it may indulgently be called to mind, that in addition to being deprived of locomotion and rendered helpless, I often suffer anguish and merciless pain to a degree that ought to be allowed in extenuation of this human offence. I do not, however, always repine, and I can look on the moral green around me, though I see arid spots here and there, with comparative complacency and pleasure, as I repeat a sentiment of my aspiring years.

"Benevolence is like the generous sun  
Whose free impartial splendour fosters all;  
It is the radiance of the human soul,  
The proof and sign of its celestial birth.  
All other creatures of corporeal ore  
Partake the common qualities of man;  
Love, hatred, anger, all particular aims;  
But in that infinite and pure effusion,—  
That only passion of divinity,—  
He owns no rival but the Heavenly God."

Antonie.

\* Surely there have been books, than which nothing greater or more serviceable to man was ever by man created. What does our author say to his friend Shakspeare I to the great poets in general? to Newton, Bacon, and a hundred others?—Ed.

**Judgment of Books.**—I have no other rule by which to judge of what I read, than that of consulting the dispositions in which I rise up from my book; nor can I well conceive what sort of merit any piece has to boast, the reading of which leaves no benevolent impression behind it, nor stimulates the reader to any thing that is virtuous or good.—*Rousseau.*

## ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

It is proper to state, that we have no other authority for the following story than that of the fair unknown, who has sent it us; but we take for granted, from the style of her letter, that she is, in every sense of the word, "fair;" and this is one of the reasons why we have not thought fit to alter it. We need not add how delighted we are with her approbation, nor that we cordially agree with the remarks which accompany her quotation from Burns.

Mrs Garrick was brought into the English world under the patronage of Lord Burlington, as a Mademoiselle Violette, a dancer. She had great reputation in her art, and was very handsome. Horace Walpole somewhere manifests the delicate distress he suffered under (poor man,) in being asked by a brother patrician, in a large party, who she was. He was obliged to confess that she was 'a dancer;' that is to say, that they had a beautiful young lady in their company, who had talents enough to earn herself a livelihood by charming the world.

XXXVIII.—THE LIFE OF A YOUNG JACOBITE SAVED BY MRS GARRICK.

June 24, 1834.

DEAR SIR,—Be not surprised at so familiar an address from a stranger, for, although I may be, and am, a stranger to you, you are not a stranger to me, but, on the contrary, an old and well known friend, with whose modes of thought and feeling I am intimately acquainted, although I have never seen your face, nor heard your voice. I am not very old (I may yet call myself two years on the sunny-side of thirty), but for by far the greater part of my life, I have been an admiring and sympathising reader of yours. Judge then of my joy at hearing of the first appearance of the *London Journal*, which (even in my remote habitation, a little "nook of mountain ground" in green Erin,) I managed to procure immediately, and which it delights me to find every way worthy of the name it bears.

After all this preamble, it is time I should get to the real business of my letter, which is to offer you a true story, which I think not unworthy a place amongst your "Romances of Real Life." I shall give it to you as nearly as I can in the words of the person who related it to me, now some years since, when it made a very strong impression on my mind.

My informant, Mr N., was related on the mother's side to an ancient Catholic family named Wilding, of the North of England. In the rebellion of 1715, this family were steady in their loyalty to the house of Hanover, so much so, that when the rebel army approached the town (either Preston or Carlisle) in which they resided, they fled from it with the other Loyalists. However, the family mansion, being one of the largest in the place, was made use of by the rebels as their head quarters. When the rebels were driven out, Mr Wilding's mansion was again seized by the triumphant army, and maugre his representations, and the absolute proofs he produced of his loyalty, was totally dismantled, and much valuable property carried off, whilst his complaints were unheeded; and, being a Catholic, he could get no redress.

Such a reward for loyalty was not likely to increase it in the bosoms of the sufferers; the injury rankled in their hearts; and when the Pretender's standard was again hoisted in 1745, among the first who flocked to it was the then head of the family (son to the loyalist of 1715) with his only son, a fine boy of fifteen.

The disastrous results of that ill-fated undertaking are well known. Among the prisoners taken and condemned to death, was young Wilding; but through the interest of the Earl of Burlington, then Secretary of State, the young man received a pardon, on condition of banishing himself for life to the North American Colonies, where he entered the army, and was some years after killed in a skirmish with the Indians—being the last male descendant of his ancient family.

These facts were communicated by an old maiden grand-aunt, a sister of young Wilding, to Mr N.,

when about going for the first time to London, with a strict charge to procure an interview with the late Mrs Garrick, to whose intercession with Lord Burlington, whose natural daughter she was supposed to be, the pardon of Wilding was ascribed; and to assure her that the surviving members and connexions of that family, retained the warmest gratitude towards her. Various circumstances combined to prevent Mr N. from performing this duty at that time; nor was it till a short time before her death that his interview with Mrs Garrick took place. He said the old Lady appeared scarcely to heed or understand his words, whilst apologizing for his visit, and explaining its cause, until he mentioned the name of Wilding, when her countenance became lit up with sudden animation, and she said "Wilding! O yes! I remember him as it were but yesterday; yet it is long, long since. I was scarce more than a child myself;" and she commenced the narrative with a precision and vivacity, strongly contrasted with her former apathy.

It was, she said, not long after her arrival in England, Lord Burlington had, as was his frequent practice, called on her in his carriage to take an airing. As soon as she was seated, he ordered the coachman to the Tower, saying carelessly to her, "I must first go there to see the state prisoners ordered for execution to-morrow; it is a customary form; if you like, you can come in with me." She felt shocked at the manner in which he spoke, yet curiosity prevailed, and she entered the Tower with him. The prisoners were summoned, and the usual inquiries made whether there was any indulgence they might wish for; any last request. Amongst the number were some of note; the gallant and handsome Dawson, the hero of Shenstone's touching ballad, for whom a young heart was then breaking; and the youthful Wilding. "I see him now," said Mrs Garrick, kindling as she spoke, "the beautiful boy, as he stood calm and unmoved before us; I shuddered as I thought of Lord Burlington's fatal words before they entered: 'Every one you are to see, must die to-morrow,' and I vowed inwardly they should not shed that boy's young blood. No sooner were the prisoners removed, than I flung myself at Lord Burlington's feet; I wept; I implored him to save the youth. Astonished at my vehemence, he tried to put me off; but I persisted;—I became more urgent;—I declared I should never know a moment's peace were he to die. Lord Burlington was moved by the agony of his child; for he was my father," continued she; "he promised, and performed his promise. The pardon was obtained, and I was satisfied."

Such is my story. Mr N. added his suspicion that Mrs Garrick's sudden zeal had been caused by a passion for the young captive; that she had, as the vulgar phrase is, "fallen in love at first sight." But I reject the inference; I know my sex better; and I think (you I hope will agree with me) that there is a sufficiency of what Burns calls "the melting blood in woman's breast" to account for her exertions on principles of pure humanity, called into immediate action by the extremity of the case (and it was a shocking case; a youth—a child almost—condemned to death for merely following the advice and example of his father, when incapable of judging for himself),—and perhaps rendered more acute by the callousness of the man who could bring his daughter to witness such a scene. Should you admit the above into your pages, clothing it in your own language, you will give me very great pleasure.

I remain, dear Sir,

With sincere good wishes for your health and prosperity, and in particular for the success of your present undertaking,

Your constant Reader,

F. N. L.

XXXIX.—STORY OF FIRMEN DA COSTA.

THIS man should have married the heroine of Goethe's story, given in our last Number. They would have kept one another in order. Firmien had virtues, but accompanied by a frightful power of sacrificing them to his will and self-love. Under no cir-

cumstances would his fiery nature have made living with him a very secure or comfortable business. He was of the "loaded musket" order. Nobody could have been sure whether he would not go off. His master was a noble soul.

Firmien da Costa was a Portuguese negro, the property of a respectable and humane merchant at Lisbon.

This extraordinary slave, attending a public spectacle, and, stimulated by curiosity, had, with other spectators, trespassed beyond the prescribed boundaries, and after being repeatedly desired to keep back, was slightly goaded by a soldier with his bayonet.

Exasperated by this provocation, Firmien declared, with bitter oaths and execrations, that the want of a weapon alone prevented him from laying his assailant dead on the spot; with these, and other expressions of ungovernable passion, he departed breathing vengeance.

Making himself acquainted with the regiment, company, and name of the man who had offended him, he, a few evenings after, decoyed him, by a pretended message, to a retired spot near his master's house, and stabbed him to the heart.

Not satisfied with mere murder, he inflicted deep wounds on various parts of the soldier's body, whispered to the dying man who he was, mentioned the affront he had received, as his reason for perpetrating the bloody deed, declared himself satisfied, quitted his master's service, and concealed himself in a distant wood.

The place in which the dead body was found, the mark on the instrument of death, which was lying near it, and the circumstance of the master of the murderer being the last person who had been seen speaking to the soldier, strongly marked him as an object of suspicion.

It was in vain that the unhappy merchant declared his innocence, appealed to the general inoffensive mildness of his character, and pointed out the flight of one of his slaves as a presumptive evidence of the fugitive's guilt; he was committed to prison, and circumstance, in a case where no positive proof could be found, being admitted in its place, was condemned to die.

The sentence of the law reached the ears of the assassin in his retreat, and the wretch, who, rather than submit to a trifling injury, had, with circumstances of peculiar barbarity, imbrued his hands in the blood of a fellow-creature, could not bear the self-accusation of ingratitude and injustice, to a master from whom he had long experienced kindness and indulgence.

Nature, or Nature's God, triumphed in his bosom; yielding to the salutary impulse, he presented himself before a judicial tribunal, and confessed himself the murderer. The judges paused with astonishment; they could scarcely believe that the man who exhibited so transcendent an instance of heroic virtue and strength of mind, had recently proved himself a merciless and a blood-thirsty savage; after a reluctant pause, for examination and regret, the defendant was taken into custody. It is not easy to describe the feelings of the merchant; although suddenly and unexpectedly rescued from an ignominious death, the joy of deliverance was considerably diminished when he reflected on the guilt of his slave; when he discovered the fondest and most faithful of his domestics, attached to him by long servitude, and valuable for tried integrity, was an atrocious murderer. Yet a character of such a cast was not a desirable inmate, nor a safe attendant; the same ungovernable ferocity of passion which hurried him into assassination, on some trifling occasion of pettishness, ill-temper, or accidental affront, might have impelled him to destroy his master, his mistress, their children, and the whole of his property.

Many applications were made to save the culprit's life; but all intercession was in vain. With every appearance of triumphant joy, rather than repentant sorrow, the negro was led to execution.

In a country like Portugal, which affords scanty materials for panegyric, I record with pleasure an example of grateful attachment, and inflexible uncorrupted justice: Da Costa's master, Emanuel Cabral, whose name I omitted mentioning, and on the faith of one of whose descendants I relate the circumstance, would have given half his property to save the offender's life.

*Defects and Merits of Others.*—To abstain from bringing into view the infirmities of others, is one of the marks of negative efficient benevolence. To hold up to view the accomplishments or merits of another, occupies the corresponding place in the regions of positive benevolence.—*Bentham.*

Berghem was of a pleasant temper, his nature was like his landscapes cheerful and quiet; he loved to sing at his easel, nor was he one who believed in the influence of set times and seasons, for he rose early and painted late, and always wrought happily when in good health. He was a careful finisher of his works; nature, he said, finished all hers with much minuteness, and artists ought not to be wiser in their own conceit than nature.—*Major's Cabinet Gallery.*



## THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 1st, to Tuesday the 6th of October.

## THE PLINIES. DESTRUCTION OF THE ELDER PLINY BY MOUNT VESUVIUS.

THE late frightful eruption of Mount Vesuvius will render interesting, even to those who have read it in other works, the following account of the death of Pliny the Elder, taken from a new volume (which has just appeared) of the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*, entitled *Lives of Eminent Zoologists*. Of the eruption we shall probably speak again, and therefore say no more of it in this place.

Pliny was a man of fortune in the age of the Cæsars, and author of a History of his own time which is lost, and of a Natural History which is a huge miscellaneous compilation of all sorts of knowledge existing up to his time, bad and good, exhibiting more style than discernment. He was, however, a most industrious gentleman, valuable for preserving better things than he could have found out for us; and that he was a bold one, the following narrative will testify. His nephew, Pliny the Younger, whom he educated, and whose fame also surpasses his deserts as an author, though he too was an amiable man and an elegant writer, is chiefly known by his Letters. His style is too conscious and artificial. Both the Plinies may be looked upon as the artificial products of the highly wrought, but cold and imitative literature of those times, the polish of a despotism which repressed originality. But they both appear to have been good men; and they maintained a degree of political independence in the worst times, highly honourable to the spirit of knowledge.

The death of the Elder Pliny took place during the eruption which is understood to have destroyed the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

He was at Misenum, where he commanded the fleet which protected all that part of the Mediterranean comprised between Italy, the Gauls, Spain, and Africa, when a great eruption of Vesuvius took place. His sister and her son, the latter of whom was then about eighteen years of age, were with him. He had just retired to his study, when he was apprized of the appearance of a cloud of the most extraordinary form and size. It resembled a pine-tree, having an excessively elongated trunk, from which some branches shot forth at the top, and appeared sometimes white, sometimes dark and spotted, according as the smoke was more or less mixed with earth and cinders. Anxious to discover the cause of this singular appearance, he ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and was proceeding on board, when he met the mariners belonging to the galley stationed at Retina, who had just escaped from the danger. They conjured him not to advance and expose his life to imminent peril; but he ordered the fleet immediately to put to sea, for the purpose of rendering aid to such as might require it; and so devoid of fear was he, that he noted all the variations and forms which the cloud assumed. By this time the vessels were covered with ashes, which every moment became hotter and more dense, while fragments of white pumice and stones, blackened and split with the heat, threatened the lives of the men. They were likewise in great danger of being left aground by a sudden retreat of the sea. He stopped for a moment to consider whether he should return; but to the pilot, who urged him to this expedient, he replied,—"Fortune helps the brave—steer to Pompeianus." That officer was at Stabie, and being in sight of the danger, which, although still distant, seemed always coming nearer, had put his baggage on board, and was waiting a more favourable wind to carry him out. Pliny, finding him alarmed, endeavoured to recall his firmness. In the meantime, the flames were bursting from Vesuvius in many places, so as to illuminate the night with their dazzling glare. He consulted with his friends whether it were better to remain in the house, or to flee to the open fields; for the buildings were shaken by frequent and violent shocks, so as to reel backwards and forwards, and in the open air they were not less in danger from the cinders. However, they chose to go forth, as the less hazardous alternative, covering their heads with pillows, to protect them from the stones. It was now morning, but the country was enveloped by thick darkness. He proceeded towards the shore by the light of torches, but the sea was still so much agitated that he could not embark; and, seating himself on a sail which was spread for him, he asked for some water, of which he drank a little. The approach of flames, preceded by the smell of sulphur, put his companions to flight, excepting two slaves, who assisted him to rise, when he seems to have immediately fallen, suffocated by the vapours and ashes. On the following day, his body was found in the same place

without marks of external violence, and resembling a person asleep rather than one who had suffered death. This event took place on the 24th of August, in the seventy-ninth year of the Christian era, and a few months after the demise of Vespasian.

As a specimen of the bad and good, the ridiculous and the interesting, in Pliny's "Natural History," we quote from the *Lives of the Zoologists* his account of the Lion's Sickness, and the famous story of Cleopatra's Pearl. The former is taken from the old translation of him by Holland.

## HOW TO CURE A SICK LION.

The lion is never sick but of the peevishness of his stomach, loathing all meat; and then the way to cure him is to tie unto him *certain shee apes*, which with their wanton mocking and making mowes at him, may move his patience and drive him, for the verie indignitie of their malapert sauciness, into a fit of madnesse; and then, so soone as he hath tasted their blood, he is perfectlie well againe; and this is the only remedie.

## CLEOPATRA'S PEARL.

Pearls were very highly esteemed in Pliny's days. The ladies were them dangling at their fingers and ears, took great delight in hearing them rattle, and not only appended them to their garments, but even embroidered their buskins with them. It will not suffice them, says he, nor serve their turn, to carry pearls about them, but they must tread among pearls, go among pearls, and walk as it were on a pavement of pearls. Lollia Paulina, the wife of Caligula, was seen by him, on an ordinary occasion, ornamented with emeralds and with pearls, which he valued at forty millions of sesterii (about 300,000*l.*)

The two finest specimens ever seen were in the possession of the celebrated Cleopatra, who, on being sumptuously feasted by Mark Anthony, derided him for the meanness of the entertainment; and on his demanding how she could go beyond him in such a matter, answered that she would spend upon him in one supper ten millions of sesterii. Anthony, conceiving it impossible for her to make good her boast, laid a great wager with her about it. When the supper came, although it was such as to befet the condition of the hostess and guests, it presented no extraordinary appearance, so that Anthony jeered the Queen on the subject, asking, by way of mockery, for a sight of the bill of fare; whereupon she affirmed that what had as yet been brought to the table was not to be reckoned in the count, but that even her own part of the supper should cost sixty millions. She then ordered the second service to be brought in. The servants placed before her a cruet of vinegar, and she put into it one of the pearls which were appended to her ears. When it was dissolved she took up the vessel and drank its contents; on which Lucius Plancus declared that she had gained the wager. Afterwards, when Cleopatra was taken prisoner, and deprived of her royal estate, the other pearl was cut into two, and affixed to the ears of the statue of Venus, in the Pantheon at Rome.

We have been surprised, not very pleasantly, to find by these *Lives of the Zoologists*, that Linnæus, whom we took for a man mild as his flowers, was of so very irascible and vindictive a nature; and that he was miserly. He once, it appears, had serious thoughts of killing a man,—assassinating him! for taking away his character. However, his studies helped him to get rid of these frightful absurdities (the more honour be unto them!) and his miserliness is accounted for by the narrow means with which he once struggled.

The following portrait of him is drawn by himself:—

The head of Linnæus had a remarkable prominence behind, and was transversely depressed at the lambdoid suture. His hair was white in infancy, afterwards brown, in old age greyish. His eyes were hazel, lively, and penetrating; their power of vision exquisite. His forehead was furrowed in old age. He had an obliterated wart on the right cheek, and another on the corresponding side of the nose. His teeth were unsound, and at an early age decayed, from hereditary tooth-ache. His mind was quick, easily excited to anger, joy, or sadness; but its affection soon subsided. In youth he was cheerful, in age not torpid, in business most active. He walked with a light step, and was distinguished for agility. The management of his domestic affairs he committed to his wife, and concerned himself solely with the productions of nature. Whatever he began he brought to an end, and on a journey he never looked back.

As Linnæus grew old, the best parts of his nature (money-wards excepted) seem to quite outgrown the others, and to have exhibited him in the condition desiderated by Mr Southey in his beautiful lines on the Holly-tree, the thorny leaves of

which become smooth as they mount towards heaven. The following picture of his manners and amusements is given (says our author) by his pupil, Fabricius:—

We were three, Kuhr, Zoega, and I, all foreigners. In summer we followed him into the country. In winter we lived facing his house, and he came to us every day in his short red robe-de-chambre, with a green fur cap on his head, and a pipe in his hand. He came for half an hour, but stopped a whole one, and many times two. His conversation on these occasions was extremely sprightly and pleasant. It consisted either of anecdotes relative to the learned in his profession with whom he got acquainted in foreign countries, or in clearing up our doubts, or in giving us other kinds of instruction. He used to laugh then most heartily, and displayed a serenity and an openness of countenance, which proved how much his soul was susceptible of amity and good fellowship.

Our life was much happier when we resided in the country. Our habitation was about half a quarter of a league distant from his house at Hammerby, in a farm-house, where we kept our own furniture, and other requisites for house-keeping. He rose very early in summer, and mostly about four o'clock. At six he came to us, because his house was then building, breakfasted with us, and gave lectures upon the natural orders of plants as long as he pleased, and generally till about ten o'clock. We then wandered about till twelve upon the adjacent rocks, the productions of which afforded us plenty of entertainment. In the afternoon we repaired to his garden, and in the evening we usually played at the Swedish game of triset in company with his wife.

On Sundays the whole family usually came to spend the day with us. We sent for a peasant who played on an instrument resembling a violin, to the sound of which we danced in the barn of our farm-house. Our balls were certainly not very splendid, the company was but small, the music superlatively rustic, and no change in the dances, which were constantly either minuets or Polish; but regardless of these defects, we passed our time very merrily. While we were dancing, the old man, who smoked his pipe with Zoega, who was deformed and emaciated, became a spectator of our amusement, and sometimes, though very rarely, danced a Polish dance, in which he excelled every one of us young men. He was extremely delighted whenever he saw us in high glee, nay, if we even became very noisy. Had he not always found us so, he would have manifested his apprehension that we were not sufficiently entertained.

## A SCENE AFTER A THUNDER STORM.

The storm hath passed away, and I am free;  
The foamy torrent flashes in the sun,  
The giant shadows o'er the meadows run,  
They chase each other o'er the sunny sea;  
The hare is sporting in the spangled lea;  
In the blue cleft of the precipitous cloud  
The lark is singing,—lows the ox aloud  
In the sharp shadow of that beechen tree:  
Ah, me! the fascination of that day  
A deeper happiness within me wrought  
Than is the joy of philosophic thought,  
Touching on issues that can ne'er decay:  
Dear Henrietta to my heart I caught,  
And wept th' excess of happiness away.

J. C.

\* I fear I express myself very indistinctly. An anecdote from the life of Newton will make it clear. "Newton having noted down the length of the degree obtained by Picard, began to recompute his former calculation from the new data. Finding, as he advanced, the manifest tendency of these numbers to produce the long wished for results, he suffered so much excitement that, becoming unable to go on with the calculation, he entreated one of his friends to complete it for him!"

*Tyranny of Vice under a Mask.*—Vice is never so much at ease, never more tyrannical, never more ambitious, than when it imagines it has found a mask, under the cover and protection of which it may pass off for virtue. And masks there are, which, to a certain extent, deceive even the wearers; a deceit to which they lend themselves with alacrity, and find, in their own delusion, encouragement to make daring experiments on the credulity, timidity, or dependence of others.—Bentham.

*Numerous Households.*—I have narrowly examined into the management of great families, and have found it impossible for a master who has twenty servants to know whether he has one honest man among them, and not to mistake the greatest rascal perhaps to be that one. This alone would give me an aversion to riches. The rich lose one of the sweetest pleasures of life, the pleasure of confidence and esteem. They purchase all their gold at a dear rate! —Rousseau.

## WARS WITH WILD BEASTS.

(From Mr. Pringle's "African Sketches.")

I shall now give some account of our wars with the beasts of prey, allowing, of course, due precedence to the lions. The first actual conflict of the Glen Lynden settlers with this formidable animal, occurred in June, 1821, while I was absent from home, having gone to meet the acting governor, at Samorset. The following were the circumstances as detailed to me by the parties present. A horse was missing, belonging to old Hans Blok, one of our mulatto tenants, which, after some search, was discovered by the footpoints to have been killed by a lion. The boldest men of the settlement having assembled to give battle to the spoiler, he was traced to a secluded spot, about a mile or upwards from the place where he had seized his prey. He had carried the horse with him to devour it at its leisure, as is the usual practice of this powerful animal. On the approach of the hunters, the lion, after a little demur, retreated to a thicket in a shallow ravine at no great distance. The huntsmen followed cautiously, and having taken post on an adjoining height, poured volley after volley into the thicket. This bombardment produced no perceptible effect; the lion kept under covert, and refused to give battle; only when the wolfhounds were sent in to tease him, he drove them forth again with a savage growl, killing two of those who had dared to approach him. At length Mr George Rennie, the leader of the hunt, and a man of daring hardihood, losing patience at this fruitless proceeding, descended from the height and approached the thicket, and threw two large stones into the midst of it. This rash bravado brought forth the lion. He sprang fiercely from his covert, and with another bound would have probably laid our friend prostrate under his paw, but most fortunately, at this critical moment, the attention of the savage beast was attracted by a favourite dog of Mr Rennie's, which ran boldly up to the lion and barked in his face. The poor dog was destroyed in a moment; a single blow from the lion's paw rewarded his generous devotion with death. But that instant was sufficient to save his master. Mr Rennie had instinctively sprung back a pace or two: his comrades on the rock fired at once with effect, and the lion fell dead upon the spot, with eight balls through his body.

Our next serious encounter with the monarch of the wilderness occurred about the close of April, 1822. I was then residing on my farm at Eildon, in the bee-hive cabin, which I have described in the preceding chapter. My nearest neighbour at that time was Capt. Cameron, a Scotch officer of the 72nd regiment, who had lately come to occupy the farm immediately below me on the river. I had gone down one evening with another gentleman and two or three female relatives to drink tea with Capt. Cameron. The distance being little more than three miles we considered ourselves next door neighbours; and, as the weather was fine, we agreed to ride home by moonlight—no lions having been seen or traced in the valley for nine or ten months. On our return, we were jesting about wild beasts and Caffers. That part of the valley we were passing through is very wild, and encumbered in several places with thickets of evergreens; but we had no suspicion at the moment of what afterwards appeared to be the fact—that a lion was actually dogging us through the bushes the whole way home. Happily for us, however, he did not then show himself, or give us any indication of his presence; being probably somewhat scared by our number, or by the light dresses of the ladies waving in the moonlight.

About midnight, however, I was awakened by an unusual noise in the kraal, or cattle-fold, close behind our cabin. Looking out, I saw the whole of the horned cattle spring wildly over the high thorn fence, and run scampering about the place. Fancying that a hyena, which I had heard howling when I went to bed, had alarmed the inhabitants by breaking into the kraal, I seized my gun, and sallied forth, undressed as I was, to have a shot at it. Though the cloudless full moon shone with a brilliant light (so bright in that fine climate that I frequently read print by it) I could discover no cause for the terror of the cattle, and after calling a Hottentot to shut them again into the kraal, I retired once more to rest. Next morning Capt. Cameron rode up to inform me that his herdsmen had discovered by the traces in the path that a large lion had followed us up the valley the preceding night; and upon further search it was discovered that this unwelcome visitant had actually been in my fold the preceding night, and had carried off a sheep. But as he appeared by the traces to have retreated with his prey to the mountains, we abandoned for the moment all idea of pursuing him.

The lion was not disposed, however, to have done with us on such easy terms. He returned that very night, and killed my favourite riding horse, little more than a hundred yards from the door of our cabin. I then considered it full time to take prompt measures in self-defence, and sent a messenger round the location to call out a party to hunt

him, being assured by our Hottentots that, as he had only devoured a small portion of the horse, he would certainly be lurking in the vicinity. The huntsmen speedily assembled to the number of seventeen horsemen, including Mulattoes and Hottentots; bringing with them a goodly number of strong hounds.

The first point was to track the lion to his covert. This was effected by a few of the Hottentots on foot. Commencing from the spot where the horse was killed, they followed the spoor, or track, through grass, and gravel, and brush-wood, with astonishing ease and dexterity, where an inexperienced eye could have discovered neither footprint nor mark of any kind,—until at length we fairly tracked him into a large bush, or straggling thicket, of brushwood and evergreens, about a mile distant.

The next object was to drive him out of this retreat, in order to attack him in close phalanx, and with more safety and effect. The approved mode in such cases is to torment the animal with dogs till he abandons his covert, and comes forth into the open plain. The whole band of hunters then march forward together, and fire deliberately, either one by one, or in volleys. If he does not speedily fall, but grows furious and advances upon his assailants, they must then stand close in a circle, and turn their horses rear outward; some holding them fast by the bridles, while the others kneel to take a steady aim at the lion as he approaches, as he will sometimes do up to the very horses' heels,—crouching every now and then as if to measure the distance and strength of his enemies. This is the moment to shoot him fairly in the forehead or some other mortal part. If they continue to wound him ineffectually, till he waxes desperate; or if the horses, startled by his terrific roar, grow frantic with terror, and burst loose, the business becomes rather serious, and may end in mischief,—especially if all the party are not men of courage, coolness, and experience. The frontier boors are, however, generally such excellent marksmen, and withal so cool and deliberate, that they seldom fail to shoot him dead, as soon as they can get within a fair distance.

In the present instance, we did not manage matters quite so discreetly. The Mulattoes, after recounting to us all these and other savage laws of lion-hunting, were themselves the first to depart from them. Finding that our hounds made little impression on the lion, they divided themselves into two or three parties, and rode round the jungle, firing into the spot where the dogs were barking round him, but without effect. At length, after some hours spent in thus beating about the bush, the Scottish blood of some of my countrymen began to get impatient; and three of them, Messrs George and John Rennie, and James Ekron, a servant of my father's, announced their determination to march in, and beard the lion in his den, provided three of the Mulattoes, who were superior marksmen, would support them, and follow up their fire should the enemy venture to give battle. Accordingly, in they went, (in spite of the warnings of some more prudent men among us), to within fifteen or twenty paces of the spot where the animal lay concealed. He was couched among the roots of a large ever-green bush, with a small space of open ground on one side of it; and they fancied, on approaching, that they saw him distinctly lying glaring at them from under the foliage. Charging their coloured allies to stand firm, and level fair should they miss, the Scottish champions let fly together, and struck—not the lion, as it afterwards proved, but a great block of red stone beyond which he was actually lying. Whether any of the shot grazed him is uncertain, but, with no other warning than a furious growl, forth he bolted from the bush. The Mulattoes, in place of now pouring in their volley upon him, instantly turned and fled helter-skelter, leaving him to do his pleasure upon the defenceless Scots, who, with empty guns, were tumbling over each other, in their hurry to escape the clutch of the rampant savage. In a twinkling he was upon them—and with one stroke of his paw, dashed John Rennie (my brother-in-law,) to the ground. The scene was terrific! There stood the lion with his foot upon his prostrate foe, looking round in conscious power and pride upon the band of his assailants,—and with a port the most noble and imposing that can be conceived. It was the most magnificent thing I ever witnessed. The danger of our friends, however, rendered it at the moment too terrible to enjoy fully either the grand or the ludicrous part of the picture. We expected every instant to see one or more of them torn in pieces; nor, though the rest of us were standing within fifty paces, with our guns cocked and levelled, durst we fire for their assistance. One was lying under the lion's paw, and the other scrambling towards us in such a way as to intercept our aim at him. All this passed far more rapidly than I have described it. But luckily the lion, after steadily surveying us for a few seconds, seemed willing to be quits with us on fair terms; and, with a fortunate forbearance turned calmly away, and driving the hounds like rats from among his heels, bounded over the adjoining thicket like a cat over a footstool, clearing brakes or bushes twelve or fifteen feet high, as readily as if they had been tufts of grass; and,

abandoning the jungle, retreated towards the mountains.

After ascertaining the state of our rescued comrade, (who fortunately had sustained no other injury than a bloody scratch on the back, and a severe bruise on the ribs, from the force with which the animal had dashed him to the ground,) we renewed the chase with our Hottentot allies and hounds in full cry. In a short time we again came up with the enemy, and found him standing at bay under an old mimosa tree, by the side of a mountain stream which we had distinguished by the name of Huntly Burn. The dogs were barking round, but afraid to approach him, for he was now beginning to growl fiercely, and to brandish his tail in a manner that showed he was meditating mischief. The Hottentots, by taking a circuit between him and the mountain, crossed the stream, and took their station on the top of the precipice overlooking the spot where he stood. Another party of us occupied a position on the other side of the glen; and placing the poor lion thus between two fires, which confused his attention and prevented his retreat, we kept battering away at him till he fell, unable again to grapple with us, pierced with many wounds.

He proved to be a large full-grown lion, about six years of age, as our coloured friends affirmed. He measured fully eleven feet from the nose to the tip of the tail. His fore leg below the knee was so thick that I could not span it with both my hands; and his neck, breast, and limbs appeared, when the skin was taken off, a complete congeries of sinews. His head, which seemed as large and heavy as that of an ordinary ox, I caused to be boiled, for the purpose of preserving the skull,\* and tasted the flesh from curiosity. It resembled very white coarse beef, rather insipid, but without any very disagreeable flavour.

Our neighbours, the nimrods of the Tarka, disapproved highly of our method of attacking this lion in the bush, and said it was a wonder he did not destroy some of us. They were highly diverted with the discomfiture of our three champions; and the story of "Ian Rennie en de Leevo," long continued to be one of their constant jokes against the Scotchmen,—at which I have often seen some of them laugh till the tears ran over their cheeks. However, the Scotchmen, and especially the Rennies, were not long in redeeming their credit as huntsmen, equally adroit as adventurous.

Several other lions were killed at Glen Lynden and its vicinity during my residence there; but I shall content myself with the description of another hunt, extracted from a letter written by my friend Mr Philipps, of Glendour, in Albany, who happened to be at the time on a visit to me. Being no great Nimrod myself, I was not present on the occasion.

After describing the rousing of the lion in a wild desert place near the Zwartkei river, in the country of Amatembra Caffers, Mr Philipps proceeds:—

The lion abandoned the grove of mimosas, and we followed him in full cry across the open plain. The Caffers, who had just come up and mixed with us, could scarcely clear themselves of our horses; and their dogs howling and barking—howling—the lion full in view making for a small copse about a mile distant, with the great number and variety of antelopes on our left, scowling off in different directions, formed altogether one of the most animating spectacles that the annals of sporting could produce.

Diederik Muller and Lieutenant Sheppard, being on very spirited horses, were the foremost. Christian Muller gave the signal to dismount, when we were about two hundred yards from the copse. He desired us to be quick in tying the horses, which was done as fast as each came up; and now there was no retreating. We were on lower ground than the lion, with not a bush around us. The plan was, to advance in a body, leaving our horses with the Hottentots, who were to keep their backs towards the lion, for fear they should become unruly at the sight of him.

These preparations occupied only a few seconds, and were not quite completed when we heard him growl, and imagined he was making off again. But no!—as if to retrieve his character from suspicion of cowardice for his former flight, he had made up his mind to attack us in his turn. To the growl succeeded a terrific roar; and at the same instant we beheld him bearing down upon us, his eye-balls glaring with rage. We were taken unprepared, his motion was so rapid no one could take aim; and he furiously darted at one of the horses while we were at their heads, without a possibility of preventing it. The poor horse sprang forward, and with the force of the action wheeled all the other horses round with him. The lion likewise wheeled, but immediately couched at less than ten yards from us. Our left flank thus became exposed; but on it fortunately stood Christian Muller and Mr G. Rennie. What an anxious moment! For a few seconds we beheld the monster at this little distance meditating, as it

\* The skin of this lion, after being rudely tanned by our Hottentots, was, together with the skull, transmitted to Sir Walter Scott, as a testimony of the author's regard; and these trophies have now the honour to form part of the lamented poet's antique armoury at Abbotsford.



were, on whom he should first spring. Never did I long so ardently to hear the report of a gun. We looked at them taking aim,—and then at the lion. It was absolutely necessary to give him a mortal shot, or the consequences might be fatal to some of the party. Every second seemed a minute. At length Christian fired. The under jaw of the lion dropped,—blood gushed from his mouth—and he turned round with a view to escape. Mr Rennie then shot him through the spine, and he fell.

At this moment he looked grand beyond expression. Turning again towards us, he rose upon his fore feet—his mouth gushing blood—his eyes flashing vengeance. He attempted to spring at us, but his hind legs denied him aid. He dragged them a little space, when Stephanus put a final period to his existence, by shooting him through the brain. He was a noble animal, measuring nearly ten feet, including the tail.

### GOOD NEWS FOR THE READERS OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

CHARACTER OF SPENSER.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

We have, we hope, many hundred things to say of all those bright beves of daines and damosels—the denizens of the woods, and meres, and mountains of that enchanted Forest. The air often seems to sigh as if sick with love. Edmund was the most voluptuous of all pure poets; and in his daring dalliances with nature's supreme delights, his pictures do indeed dazzle our senses, "reeling and drunk with beauty." Beauty, as if overcome by his resistless strains, unveils, in the twilight of shaded air or water, all her hidden charms of limb, and waist, and bosom, to him who seems privileged to enjoy all that is loveliest in love's own world. Yet imagination etherealizes passion—glowing, but not gross—gazing, but not gloating—enjoying all mortal transport—but as a god a goddess.

Poetry is in the gleams of light that revealed temptations heaped up on the happy hills, where Innocence in heaven's own dews preserves for ever unfaded her whitest lilies. Desire, like that fire of scented cedar in Calypso's cave, is purified by what it feeds on. Pleasure is felt not to be sin—and nature's great law holy, which, on an earth where death would fain have sole dominion, sustains perpetual life, and balances bliss against all the weight of woe which else would overwhelm mortality. "Whatever hypocrites austerely hold," we hold, with Spenser and Milton, that such is the religion of nature.

Spenser's Fable, quoth Hughes, "though often wild, is always emblematical; and this may very much excuse that air of romance in which he has followed Ariosto."—"Very much excuse!" A bird of light and music excused for light and soaring, and shining and singing in the sky. "Often wild!" Would he have fables to be tame? "Air of romance!" And what air is purer? Not even empyrean. Hughes thinks stories of knights, giants, castles, and enchantments, and all legendary adventures, "in themselves trifling;" that knights in armour, and ladies errant, are as antiquated figures to us as the court of that time would appear, if we could see them now in their ruffs and fardingles. Hurd knew better, and scorned the pseudo-philosophic criticism of the shallow school that spoke of all tales of Faery as unnatural and absurd, surpassing all bounds, not of truth only, but of probability, and more like the dreams of children than the manly inventions of poets. But those Tales of Faery, he reminded the scornors, are not the wild fancies of plebeian poets, but the golden dreams of Ariosto—the celestial visions of Tasso. True that a poet must follow nature. "But not," says the enlightened prelate, "only the known and experienced course of affairs in this world. The poet has a world of his own, where experience has less to do than consistent imagination. He has, besides, a supernatural world to range in. He has gods, and fairies, and witches at his command; and

"O! who can tell

The hidden power of herbs, and might of magic spell!"

"Thus, in the poet's world, all is marvellous and extraordinary; yet not unnatural in one sense, as it agrees to the conceptions that are readily entertained of the magical and wonder-working natures." It is pleasant to hear Hurd applying these just sentiments to the "Faery Queen," and showing that Spenser is the poet of the chivalrous, as Homer was of the heroic age. The days of chivalry are not yet gone from all men's imaginations; and we know far more about them than of the days of the older heroism. Shall our own Spenser then be neglected by his own people, and the "Faery Queen" be unread, while in a year we have a second edition—for behoof of those who have no Greek—of Sotheby's Homer?

"[No, no, no!" cry we of the *London Journal*, echoing the cry of our wise, enthusiastic brother. Nature, knowledge, imagination, cry No. Spenser

will no more perish than the woods and waters, and the golden light and shades that haunt them. "Nature is vindicated by her children." We have sometimes half thought that the errors and violences of the age of chivalry were well redeemed by the fables they have left us, and might even have been permitted by providence for that purpose, as well as for the greater amenity of manners that they produce, and the brave deference to women! For there must have been some reasons for the thing, and what better than these? The ugliness of it has gone by. Its beauty remains in that amenity and in these books. The storm has burst from the castled hills, and the castles are gone with it; but from out of it there has run, and will run for ever, in the most sequestered places of thought, these brooks of gentleness and beauty, haunted by fair forms that purify the air of passion, and helping to supply half the mind of man with a world fit for it, till the world itself grow fitter.]

### THREE OGRESSES V. GIBBON.

[The alleged mistake, mentioned by our correspondent, is Gibbon's own. Indeed, we quoted from his Autobiography at the time. We must add, however, that we partook of it with him. It is new to us, that "Ogresses" are any thing but the lovely creatures we had hitherto supposed them. But, after all, does not the term imply, that Ogresses' heads (as such, and in the popular meaning of the word) are still to be understood as included in the heraldic figure? May not the knights of chivalry have brought them, as they did fictions of ogres, from the East, during the time of the crusades? And might not Gibbon's ancestor, who was a herald, have intended to be at once scientific and jocose?]

16th Sept. 1831.

DEAR BENEFICENT,—Your candour will easily pardon the freedom I take in pointing out an odd mistake that you have either made, or copied (as I have not the book, I cannot say which), in your last Supplement. At page 12, you state that an ancestor of Gibbon "changed the three escallop shells in his arms' into as many Ogresses, or female cannibals, to spite three ladies, &c." Now, Sir, without noticing the absurdity or insufficiency of such means to such end, I have only to observe, that an Ogress is not the "fearful wild fowl" you take it to be. Guillim, Edmonson, or any other learned pundit of the "*Divine Art of Blazon*," will inform you, that OGRESSES are neither more nor less than *balls of pitch*. For your edification (pardon the assumption) I subjoin the passage as it appears in the "*Rudiments of Honour*." By the way, what a vast idea does it not give us of the circulating medium of those early ages of "barbaric pearl and gold!" Verily the office of pursebearer to a rich traveller (before banks or paper-money were invented) could be no sinecure—while the difficulty of "*getting change*" must at times have been almost insurmountable; on the other hand, a man might very well be reduced to his last piece without any serious apprehension as to the needs of to-morrow.

"When in any coat of arms, one or more of these round pieces shall be found of the colour of ore, then in blazon they are always termed *bezants*, and are taken for pieces of gold; which were anciently the coin of *Bizantium*, and were in weight one hundred and four pounds and two ounces troy; being equal in value to 3150*l.* sterling; but, when any of these figures are found of the colour of red, they must always be called *torteaux*; if blue, *hurts*; if green, *pomes*; if black, *pellets*, or *ogresses*; if purple, *golpes*, &c."

That your endeavours to put a spirit of youth in everything, may be crowned by complete success, is the sincere wish of your poor disciple,

I. A. L.

### TABLE TALK.

*Annibale Caracci's Christ Appearing to St Peter.*—This fine picture is not scriptural, as some have imagined; it embodies a tradition of the Roman church. The New Testament tells us that Christ after his resurrection appeared to St Peter; but it was more consistent with the aim and practice of the church, when losing its simplicity, to give currency to obscure or doubtful legends, rather than draw attention to the true and accredited narrative of the gospel. Peter, says the tradition, not finding at the time any liking for martyrdom, made his escape from Rome, and was hurrying along the Appian way, when he met Jesus bearing the cross, "Lord, where goest thou?" inquired the astonished saint. "I am going to Rome to be crucified a second time," was the answer, "for I find that my disciples are afraid of attesting the truth of my cause with their blood." The rebuked saint returned and suffered martyrdom. The legend is a very beautiful one; it is in keeping with the timid character of Peter; and serviceable, too, to the Church of Rome, which claimed supremacy over all Christian churches. Those who imagined the legend, found an admirable interpreter in Caracci: it is admitted by very fastidious critics that this picture (in the National Gallery) is one of the best studied and effective of all his performances in this country. — *Major's Cabinet Gallery.* [The picture is a most beautiful one, and worthy of the legend.]

*Noble Occupation for the Leisurely.*—Whenever you have nothing else to do,—in other words, whenever you have no particular object in view, of pleasure or profit, of immediate or remote good,—set yourself to do good in some shape or other;—to men, to sensitive beings, rational or irrational; to one or to many; to some individual, or to the whole race.—*Bentham.*

*Taste of the Gypsies.*—The upper part of the wood (in a picture of Gainsborough's) is tenanted by a horde of gypsies; their asses are grazing among the glades; the party-coloured coverings of their wandering camp are visible among the shafts of the trees, and a thin and scarcely distinguished smoke curls slowly away amid the boughs of the forest. This is one of the painter's marks to indicate great natural beauty of scene; he knew that the taste of that roving people was, as far as regarded a feeling for the charms of external nature, essentially poetic. If a lovely spot lies within seven miles of their line of march, there will they fix their tents and make their abode for the night; were landscape painters to follow their footsteps, and paint the scenes in which they establish themselves, they could not fail to produce a series of fine poetic compositions.—*Major's Cabinet Gallery.*

*Morland's Rural Taste.*—To Londoners, and one so dissipated as Morland, it is next to a wonder that images of country simplicity and rustic modesty should have presented themselves: he was, when very young, made intimate with much of the folly and vice of the town; he assumed the dress of the fop, and copied the manners of the man of pleasure, and in all, save his paintings, was artificial and affected. The moment he took up the pencil, folly resigned her rule and nature reigned in her stead: his mind wandered from the wine vaults and the gin shops to homely cottages, barn-yards, calf-cribs, and piggeries; he forgot the hungry creditor, the gripping pawnbroker, and the drouthy companion, and saw but a horde of gypsies bivouacked with their motley tents, tawny children, and tethered asses.—*Major's Cabinet Gallery.*—[But this was the reason. He wanted a contrast to his feverish existence. The people of a metropolis are apt to be fonder of the country, than country-people themselves. It is rarer to them: they have been taught more of its beauties from books; and their state of health gives them more need of it.]

### A FLOOD.

THE mountain torrents, rushing fierce and high,

Bearing away the riches of a strath,

Are kind as a good mother in their wrath:

The man who thinks aright—who has an eye

To scan the works of nature, and apply

Their cogent moral rightly to the heart,

Shall find the consolation they impart,\*—

That in all seeming evil good doth lie:

The flood shall fertilize, or if you scan

Its path in desolation, hath it not

A better, since a moral harvest, wrought?

How hath it fertilized the heart of man,

Taught it to yield a tenderness unbought,

And better sympathies than interest can.

J. C.

\* We made a passing jest a week or two ago upon "*heart and impart verses*," which we notice in this place, merely to say that it had no reference to our correspondent; though he writes so well as to be able to afford an involuntary admonition against condescending to the use of those now obsolete helps to a rhyme.

## BELIEF IN SPIRITS, &amp;c.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

Dulwich, 27th Sept. 1834.

MANY thanks, worthy Sir, for the entertainment your *London Journal* affords me, and still more for the religion of love and hope which it breathes. Amidst the ravings of those who please to revile poor human nature, and who bid us believe this beautiful earth is but our prison-house and scene of our sufferings and trials, and the majority of our fellow-creatures the victims of a mysterious and awful destiny, it is truly refreshing to turn to your pages and find there one, at least, who does not consider man quite so depraved, or the world quite so uninviting as is represented. Dr Watts says, "Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less;" but it seems strange that, among all nations and in all creeds, the service of the Deity should be considered to involve a denial, in a greater or less degree, of the pleasures of this world; as if he who placed us here and gave us reason to use, and senses to enjoy his gifts, delighted in witnessing the perpetual conflict of our inclinations and our duty. It is our ignorance of the character of the Supreme which makes us undervalue his works. If our hearts were duly impressed with the conviction that He was the fountain of love, and not the tyrant of the universe, we should view the world more as an Elysium than a place of sorrow, and our fellow-men as beings susceptible of indefinite improvement, and bound to our hearts by the ties of sympathy and philanthropy.

Go on then, Mr Editor, in your labour of love, and prosper. Render men more in humour with themselves and each other, and assist in that "consummation devoutly to be wished"—the full and perfect emancipation of the mind. So far has my heart responded to all you have said, till I come this week to your remarks on Spirits,—there I candidly own I stop. However pleasing the ideas such a belief may awaken, I feel convinced it is delusive, and tends to countenance the darkest superstition, and gives the imagination too large a field for its range. Any vagary of the brain would be received with attention, and no doctrine would be unsubstantiated, if this was admitted, for if such creatures as Spirits exist, it does not seem probable they would not affect us, and if they did so, where would our free will be? Or, supposing them to be passive, for what purpose then were they sent into a material visible world to mix with humanity unseen, and witness actions and feelings in which they could have no participation. I regret you did not offer more evidence for their existence, as I should like to be possessed of the reasons which have led your mind to this conclusion; till then I must venture to express my dissent, and still continue to believe that this world has no other inhabitants but those I see, or is fitted for the abode of any but material beings. I am glad, however, to part with your paper in unison of sentiment respecting the existence of a Devil. Those who think that such a being exists, must have very confused and imperfect ideas of the omnipotence and love of the Deity. A more rational creed whispers, "Man alone is the author of all the evil he endures, and that happiness is within his reach, and easily attained by the disciplined and virtuous mind."

Washington Irvine has an exquisite passage on Spirits in his 'Bracebridge Hall,' which, along with your own remarks, would almost seduce me to become a proselyte to your theory. I have written it out, as I feel assured you will approve of it.

Who yet has been able to comprehend and describe the nature of the soul in connexion with the body, or in what part of the frame it is situated? We know merely that it does exist, but whence it came, and when it entered into us, and how it is sustained, and where it is seated, and how it operates, are all matters of mere speculation and contradictory theories. If then we are thus ignorant of this spiritual existence, even while it forms a part of ourselves, and is continually present to our consciousness, how can we pretend to ascertain or to deny its powers and operations, when released from its fleshy prison-house? It is more the manner, therefore, in which this superstition has been degraded, than its intrinsic absurdity, that has brought it into contempt. Raise it above the frivolous purposes to which it has

been applied; strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been surrounded, and there is none of the whole circle of visionary creeds that could more delightfully elevate the imagination, or more tenderly affect the heart. It would become a sovereign comfort at the bed of death, soothing the bitter tear wrung from us by the agony of our mortal separation. What could be more consoling than the idea that the souls of those whom we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare? That affectionate and guardian Spirits sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours? That beauty and innocence which had languished into the tomb yet smiled unseen around us, revealing themselves in those blest visions wherein we live over again the hours of past endearments?

A belief of this kind would, I should think, be a new incentive to virtue, rendering us circumspect, even in our most secret moments, from the idea that those we once loved and honoured, were invisible witnesses of all our actions. It would take away too from that loneliness and destitution, which we are apt to feel more and more, as we get on in our pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, and find that those who set forward with us lovingly and cheerily on the journey, have one by one dropped from our side. Place the superstition in this light, and I confess I should like to be a believer in it. I see nothing in it incompatible with the tender and merciful nature of our religion, nor revolting to the wishes or affections of the heart. There are departed beings that I have loved as I shall never again love in this world,—that have loved me as I never again shall be loved. If such beings do ever retain in their blessed spheres the attachments they have felt on earth, if they take an interest in the poor concerns of transient mortality, and are permitted to hold communion with those whom they have loved on earth, I feel as if now, at this deep hour of night, in this silence and solitude, I could receive their visitation with the most solemn but unalloyed delight.

J. W. A.

[We thank our correspondent for this beautiful extract from Mr Washington Irvine, with whose writings it makes us desirous to be better acquainted. We have often had the feelings described in its concluding sentence. As to Spirits, it surely does not follow, from their existence, that they are to affect the human beings around them, any more than other creatures affect us,—the birds in the trees, for instance. We hold, that out of all faiths and all possibilities, it is the business of a cultivated human mind to extract whatsoever enlivens and enlarges its sense of existence, provided it be consistent with analogy and God's goodness; and we see all visible nature crammed so full of life, that it appears to us equally due to the modesty of man's ignorance, and the comprehensiveness of his wisdom, to suppose that invisible nature is equally so.]

## Four Parties in a Family consisting of Four Persons.

—Before I introduce you to the family of my host, I must premise, that the inhabitants of the Comtat are divided into four parties, who persecute each other with inexorable hatred. The first still adheres to the Pope, and consists principally of the old people and ecclesiastics; the second, which is called the Aristocratic party, wishes the country, it is true, to remain under the sovereignty of France, but only on condition that the monarchy shall be fully restored; the third is perfectly satisfied with the present order of things, and is called the Democratic party; and the fourth consists of those who, under the conduct of Sourdun, enriched themselves by plunder, and whose prime wish therefore is to break the chains of their hero, and see him raised again to his former power; these are comprehended under the title of Brigands. It was to me one of the most curious, as well as the most lamentable of political phenomena, to find these four parties united in my inn, where the family consisted of only four persons. The father, a bigotted old man, to whom the metamorphosis of the papal crown over the gate had occasioned more than one sleepless night, was a papist; the mother, a vehement democrat; the daughter, who had been a favourite with the former Archbishop of Aix, an aristocrat *enragée*; and the son, as having been lieutenant under Sourdun, a furious brigand. The enmity between the two young people did not seem carried to so great a height as between the father and mother, who were almost always quarrelling. When I asked the young lady if one might sleep in security under their roof, as her brother, according to her own account, was a brigand, she answered, "Do not be alarmed, sir; he is a very good lad when he is here, but when he is with Sourdun, he must perform his duty to his captain."—*Matthison's Travels.*

## CHORDS TOUCHED.

Ah, how that plaintive strain recalls  
The happy hour I heard it last;  
And seems, while on my ear it falls,  
A dream-like whisper from the past!  
What mingled thoughts of joy and pain  
From the same source unbidden flow,  
To hear those well known tones again,  
And, oh, to hear them thus—and now!

A voice in every cadence dwells—  
In every mournful note a sigh—  
Of other, happier days it tells,  
Unvalued as they glided by!  
Of those I've loved, o'er whom the pall  
Of funeral darkness seems to be,  
And, oh! of worse than these, than all,  
Of buried hope it speaks to me!

MEMOR.

*Progress of Good.*—The historian of Anson's Voyages, speaking of scurvy, says, "the cure seems impossible by any remedy or by any management that can be employed." In the present day, instead of the remedy being unknown, it is, happily, the disease: a fact which suggests the most important subject for contemplation, and justifies the reflections and language of Sir Gilbert Blane: "Does it not afford a cheering and consolatory prospect, amidst the thousand shocks that flesh is heir to, that there may be still in store for us, in the boundless progression and endless combination of knowledge, other hidden means of advancing human happiness, of mitigating human misery, and of making accessions to the dominion of man over nature which have not yet been dreamed of in our philosophy?"—*Penny Cyclo-pædia.*

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have again to thank the *Greenock Advertiser* for its very kind and zealous commendations of our *Journal*. Such praises, too, are always the more valuable, of course, in proportion to the talents of the praiser.

Our feelings are particularly touched also by what is said of the *Journal* in the *Windsor and Eton Express*.

J. C. is informed that there will be eight Supplements in the course of twelve months, and that those upon the subject of London will have an index.

The Fourth Number of the Supplement was published with our last week's number, and should have been served by all the venders.

We shall be glad to hear again from our friend JEAN ANDRE-SON; and meanwhile will make use of what he has sent us.

ARNOLD next week.

We have handed Mr G. F.'s letter to a quarter, in which we hope it may do him service.

The pamphlet sent us by Mr W. G. shall be attended to.

We should be happy to oblige *Solomon Gundy*, but fear it is out of our power. Also our friend C. D. M.; but doubt whether the readers would think the re-publication of the verses consistent towards their demand for newer matter.

Some of J. D.'s verses in our next. Those of Φίλος have been unavoidably delayed to the same time.

The observations of J. D. OBSERVATOR were very welcome.

Mr G. B. is informed in the negative. We are under no need of acting upon that plan. Mr J. M. C. will understand to what part of his letter the same answer applies.

Mr J. W. B. will probably think that the spirit of his remarks has been anticipated.

Attention will be paid to the book sent us by Mr J. B., who is thanked for the other book that accompanied it, and for his letter.

B'ces throng upon us,—and all as dulcet as industrious.

Mr J. B.'s letter from Suffolk was highly welcome.

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